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COMMONWEAL

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Pluralism in Education

THE AWARD given to Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis by the CIO's Committee to Abolish Discrimination makes news primarily in the field of race relations. Archbishop Ritter, as it is good to recall once more, simply abolished segregation in the Catholic schools of the St. Louis Archdiocese. The *Post-Dispatch* observes: "With this rule in force, equality of education means equality of education and nothing else in the Catholic parochial schools of St. Louis." The problem of racial justice and charity in America is not an obscure one, and our failure is flagrant and easy to describe. Unlike depressions, international peace, harnessing the atom and setting the proper interest rate, there is no great intellectual problem in discovering a decent course of action to start overcoming our failure. Just do it. In St. Louis they did, and the Mississippi continues to roll along downstream.

Another issue can be made out of the CIO award—about school systems, and state and private and religious education. The *Post-Dispatch* also points out: "Yet the policy for state-supported education at the university even at graduate levels in Missouri remains separate and hence unequal instruction!" The non-state school system in that key, border region is leading the way toward an area of justice and social charity, and it deserves well of the Republic, as the CIO recognizes it does of Labor. There should be happy emulation among educational systems—and there can be, when there are different ones alive.

It must be because it was the height of the vacation season, but in mid-August even Columbia Teachers College made good news in education. That institution, as the most important influence in American public schools, justifiably draws on its head heavy blame for practically all the worse features that have plagued the state schools. So now we welcome an at least partial act of contrition and resolve to amend which the New York *Times* reported on August 15th: "Rural schools in the United States and Canada have done so successful a job in preparing students to go to the big cities that emphasis should now be switched to training youth to appreciate the country and devise means to improve rural life."

The *Times* article doesn't go on far or clearly in reporting this new departure at Teachers College. It sounds somewhat as though the principal observation behind the "switch" is that of the increasingly urban character of vocational opportunities in small communities. The highlighted proposal for action appears to be discouragingly typically mechanistic. . . . "The group endorsed proposals to reorganize school administrative units . . . stretch their funds . . . long distance transportation . . . property damage insurance. . . ." etc. The jargon of the old education profession and/or racket almost takes command before the meaning of the preamble gets through.

The preamble appears to recognize several schools of social criticism which have had a desperately hard time obtaining a hearing. Town and Country Planners, Distributists, Agrarians should all be encouraged by acknowledgment from such an unexpected quarter. For too long a time the good life has been identified with the metropolis. The dominating way of life has made of small communities and farms cheap instruments to serve cities, with little but sentimental value in themselves. The land and the people out of town have been exploited mercilessly in the development of the mass production, centralized, factory economy. The cities themselves have been more and more ruined by the heedless process while country living has been what school, advertising and a normal respect for the economic facts of life have taught is something to leave at the first opportunity. There is crushing momentum in the trend, but Columbia Teachers College could be an enormous force to slow it up and prepare a needed reversal.

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And, once again, those troops of academic degree seekers on Morningside Heights can find examples for the new work in some non-state schools. For instance, the primary and secondary Catholic schools in Granger, Iowa, have pioneered in education for rural living since Monsignor Ligutti of the Catholic Rural Life Conference provided a new stimulus during the depths of the depression. The public school tradition in agricultural education runs from the top down. There are superb agricultural universities and colleges—of high scientific and technical achievement, if not, perhaps, of equal worth as propounders of a philosophy and way of life—in a large proportion of the forty-eight states. Among colleges, emulation in farm education should provide a stimulus in the other direction: the Catholic school system has so far failed completely to create an agricultural college. American Catholic education, in general, and of course for rural living, will be lopsided, partial and not a whole thing so long as that neglect continues.

The Lie Detector

IT IS reported that the Un-American Committee has been playing round with the idea of using the "lie-detector" to further their attempt to find out whether it is Mr. Chambers who is lying or Mr. Hiss. The Committee is modern—the lie-detector is scientific—the Committee is humane—the lie-detector does not hurt. If we were Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hiss we would prefer it to other truth determining tests (they were called ordeals, and justly) of the past—for example, the one in which a man suspected of untruth was called upon to hold burning coals in his hand: if the ardent coals did not burn the hand, then he was telling the truth. There were many liars in those days. Perhaps the Committee is only commencing the process which finally will remove the blindfold from the eyes of Justice. Perhaps at a future session Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hiss will be hypnotized; at a second, analyzed; at a third, speared in the seat by an attendant nurse with a truth impelling drug. In the long run, punctured, drugged, analyzed, hypnotized, caught, sleepless and exhausted, in the wires of the lie detector, one or the other of them, or both together, no doubt will confess the lies of a lifetime and invent some more. And even at that, were we Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hiss—these two who are locked in contradiction as others are locked in love—we would still prefer the modern treatment to the ancient.

Both, however, violate the most sacred regions of man's soul. Both enter where only God may enter.

Both, if our concern is with human justice, make justice impossible. Both methods, the ancient and the modern, and the modern more insidiously because less brutally than the ancient, destroy the first and essential condition of a possible defense. For a man accused of crime may have an entire law firm working for him, he may start in Magistrate's Court and appeal his way up to the Supreme Court, he may have all the press of a nation proclaiming his innocence, but if something is done to him that deprives him of his wits he remains defenseless. If something is done that by-passes the argument he makes, the words he says, and lays bare his naked soul, we may still talk about the right of defense, but the conditions that implement that right will have disappeared, and in the courtrooms of our nation there will be some kind of science at work, something like a superior department of sanitation, but the justice that civilization has built through so many centuries of labor will be present only in the cold marble statuary that no one has taken the trouble to remove from the halls.

The constraints of bureaucracy, even the constraints of tyranny, touch men's bodies first. Men work where they are told to work, eat what they are given, sleep where they are permitted to sleep. They are ordered to stand at attention, to march, to run. But all this is not enough. Tyranny is never content until it can break into the soul of man—until it can see inside. Then, insatiable, it seeks to control man's thought, to coerce man's allegiance. What it cannot tolerate and, historically, has never tolerated, is that secret area, that ultimate bastion of human personality, in which a man is free to hold his own truth, free to shelter his hidden lie.

It would be a paradox, sadder than we can say, were America, detesting tyranny, avoiding all the obvious apparatus of tyranny, to rejoin the end product, the final characteristic of tyranny—by accepting tyranny's contempt for the "fortress" that is man.

Communism Is Not So Simple

THIS high vacation season has had too many melodramatic Red stories for just one front page. The result is not only artistic waste, but also blurred ideas and impressions. Mrs. Kosenkina ought to have a section all to herself. She represents the cool way the Russians try to muscle into other people's countries and to carry out their nefarious purposes without regard to local authority and prejudice. If New York is treated the way it is, one must shiver thinking about how it probably is in capitals nearer to Moscow and countries which do not even have the atomic bomb. She might, it is true, share her section with the Olympic athletes who don't want to go back behind the Iron Curtain, with hundreds of thousands of D.P.'s, and with the tens of thousands of Russian soldiers and other nationals who are drifting around Europe and elsewhere, keeping out of the way of Soviet representatives.

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The Congressional Investigations are a different subject and one ought to turn a page to approach them. Their subject matter is, at the most serious, treason. This is a special topic, properly a limited part of the current general hubub. Men who are suspected or accused of treason ought to have full protection of the law, and Congressional Investigations are ill-atuned to handle the matter. It is sloppy that the emotional tone of the entire Red melodrama appears to be dominated by this bitterest individual problem of treason and genuine spying. It is clear, upon consideration, that Congress is also treating a vaguer problem, governed by no such definite and sharp laws and traditions. This other is the problem, or existence, of fellow-traveling. Those men are much more baffling and difficult to deal with who, on their own inner impulse and decision and without conscious subservience to a foreign power, tend in a way that affects their public and private life toward Marxist solutions, and toward a socialist and communist America. Theirs is a transitional stage, and the sympathetic problem is to incline them away from atheistic communism and toward a rational and creative social justice—an operation it is difficult to embody in laws—or in headlines.

The Wraith of Low-Cost Housing

IF you have money and look around enough, eventually you can find a home even under the little-relieved stringencies of our postwar scarcity. For months that has been plain as a pikestaff. It is the moderate- and low-income American family that is up against it. That would seem to add up to a number of potential votes, but the brief session of Congress blithely ignored the possibility. The mild housing legislation it enacted did little more than encourage private builders to expand their already considerable and useful production of homes for people above the lower brackets. Except for hand-me-downs from those able to move into these newer quarters there is little comfort for the vast majority of the poorly housed, especially in our larger cities. To think that the new legislation restricts government underwriting to a maximum of $1,800 per room, when, for example, it is now disclosed that the tax-exempt, slum-replaced Alfred E. Smith Houses in downtown New York will average over $3,700 per room in cost! Can cities and states be counted on to make up that wide difference?

How to provide is admittedly not a simple matter. This year, and next, public construction in the United States (highways, schools, hospitals, etc.) will be at an all-time peak. Annual expenditures for such purposes of about five billions are coming to be accepted as normal; and another six and a quarter billions worth of "postponable projects" are advised to be held on tap for first signs of a depression. These facilities now under construction are socially useful and really needed, but that constitutes one major drain on the distinctly limited supplies of skilled labor and building materials. Construction of private homes—now coming close to a million new dwelling units per year—accounts for the rest of the men and materials. So that there is some force to one argument against subsidizing public housing in the manner contemplated by the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill: recognition that the nation's construction industry is already working to capacity. And, to carry the argument further, that such legislation would result in heightened competition for skilled workers and materials thereby increasing building and living costs still more.

As we have mentioned before in these pages, the critical labor shortage can be ascribed directly to the restrictive policies of the unions in the building trades, ever fearful that there would not be enough jobs to go round. To redress this balance is hardly an affair of the moment. Material shortages are not easily overcome, either, particularly in a period of national rearmament.

So the immediate question becomes, whether there is any feasible way of rechanneling the limited labor force and building material stockpile that are at hand. When Congress reconvenes in January what can it do to repair its present and past negligences in this vital matter?

The prospects are not good. It is the little man who, in Washington and elsewhere, has the greatest difficulty in making himself heard. A few lobbies, of course, will continue to speak up for him: the civic, religious and labor union groups. The unions themselves have an opportunity to keep after the public on the matter of the desperate need of low-cost housing everywhere in the United States. It is a long chance, but if sufficient public sentiment could be developed and sustained, certain amendments might be approved. By permitting 2½ to 3½ percent 40 to 50-year government loans (up to 90 percent of the cost of construction), which would have to be approved by the Veterans Administration and disbursed by RFC, some of the low-cost rental and cooperative homes which are our greatest need might be forthcoming. Somehow or other such legislation would have to divert enough builders from private construction by making the profit prospect more attractive. The difficulties are immense.

Another possibility is that new building will now shift more and more to areas adjacent to our cities. But even here the pleasing thought of large-scale decentralization has a catch. Lower initial cost obtains only for a time, for as an area builds up all sorts of new facilities have to be provided, so that in the end it is doubtful how much over-all economy is effected by abandoning the city. A puzzle, indeed.

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Re-educating Germany

Waldemar Gurian

GERMANY is the land of time extravagantly wasted. A difficult life is made even more difficult by the bureaucratic maze, the innumerable questionnaires and permits, the hunt for regulations and controls, which do not work, but make everything as complicated and distasteful as can be imagined.

The second most striking impression is that Germany is the land of missed opportunities. Obviously many hopes at the end of the war against Hitler could not be fulfilled. Many Germans assumed that everything would become normal and convenient as soon as the allies arrived. But it must be admitted that even moderate expectations have not been realized. That, of course, does not mean a denial of the great merits of the occupying forces, particularly the American. Without their intervention the most elementary life would have been impossible. They repaired roads, kept utilities running at a minimum, and maintained external order.

All that must be mentioned, today more than ever, for currently there is a widespread tendency to belabor the errors and shortcomings of the occupation. On the other hand, an observer must admit that very fateful errors were made from the beginning—particularly in the fields of cultural and educational policies. The occupying forces tried to accomplish too much. They tried not only to prevent the return of evil influence and to purge public life of guilty men and such persons who were too closely connected with the Third Reich. They tried to bring about a complete reform and renewal of German life. And failure was the result of this enterprise for which, despite elaborate regulations and projects, the forces of the occupation were simply not prepared.

Much more serious than the failure of the occupying forces in the difficult matter of denazification is their failure to aid German groups which could have replaced the ruling circles of the Third Reich. True, apathy prevailed when the troops of the allies arrived in Western and Central Germany. But those who were eager to start positive work were not encouraged. Even worse, they were kept down. When several former editors of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* prepared to resume the publication of their paper, they were ordered to go home at once. On the other hand, some anti-Nazis were put in responsible positions without serious scrutiny of their qualifications and character. Soon it became clear that not all inmates of concentration camps were fit for political jobs. Indeed, one of the most devilish tricks of the Nazi régime was to discredit political prisoners by mixing them up with criminals. People were removed from positions, as falling under the rules of denazification, but very little was done to find Germans who could replace them. A purely mechanical approach prevented attempts to distinguish between suitable and unsuitable Germans. In the best cases, the authorities were content to utilize the over-aged men who had survived from the Weimar pre-Hitler régime. The Nazis were soon very happy to observe that the anti-Nazis were dealt with no better than the adherents of Hitler. SS men interned in camps even got better food than the German population, although that did not stop complaints about their status as prisoners unprotected by civil rights.

It is obvious that any policy which attempted to favor non-Nazi Germans would have been very difficult. I have not forgotten the outburst of a famous German writer who could not enter a PX in which lemons, oranges and sardines in oil were sold, goods not available to Germans: "I was a pariah under Hitler [she was forbidden to publish] and I continue to be a pariah under the allies." But unfortunately any force of occupation must develop a separate life. No soldier would live on German rations, no officer would even dream of being compelled to accept the living quarters which are general in Germany today. If PXs, American mess halls, etc., were thrown open to Germans, everything would be sold out in a few minutes.

On the other hand, too many American officers, even press officers, do not know German, and are therefore completely dependent for contacts upon their German personnel, their German secretaries. An American can easily live in Germany and not become aware of the existing conditions. He has his car, his good meals, his nice villa, his servants. Quite often he lives much more luxuriously than he would in the States.

All that would be less serious if this American (or English) world apart did not try to regulate the whole life of Germany. That is the root of the gravest deficiency. The forces of occupation were burdened with a task which they manifestly could not accomplish. It was impossible for them to re-educate the German people. All attempts at re-education by military government

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have failed. That must be said, even if it hurts individuals who are men of good will and have worked hard. Re-education has failed because temporary exclusion of some evil elements does not mean much. A purely negative control does not mean the fostering of elements able to attain the elementary aim of the re-education program —to replace Nazi forces by others eager to establish a new public spirit.

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When the American troops entered Germany it was decided to introduce a licensing system for all publications. Licenses were to be given only to particularly reliable men. Thus, everyone who had worked on a paper during the Nazi period was to be excluded. That created very strange situations. A former editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* could not get a license for a paper, but he was able to secure a job as head of denazification for a very important area. Some excellent men were selected as licensees for example Schoeningh in Munich, Eberle in Stuttgart. But in many other cases selections were unfortunate. Communists were put on all important papers. In order to guarantee their neutral character Communists had to be among the licensees. There was no clarification of the power and property rights which the new men would have. But in some cases they were legally able to distribute large amounts among themselves or to organize funds for later distribution. This licensing system prevented the rise of independent journalists. The members of the editorial staffs were completely at the mercy of the licensees. Nobody knew exactly why somebody was appointed to this very powerful and lucrative position. There was, for example, in Stuttgart, the case of M., who had never been a journalist, but suddenly emerged as licensee of an important paper. He used his job for settling personal accounts, and was accused of being a Robespierre, even by so moderate a German liberal as Heuss. But M. can do what he likes, for he remains a licensee. True, there are cases where some communistic licensees have been removed, but other Communists simply left the party officially, in order to keep their jobs.

This system of licensing is characteristic of the occupation's approach. The occupation authorities try to impose their will from above, and are simply not able to select the right men. Their representatives do not have the necessary experience, the necessary knowledge. They are the easy victims of the flatterer, and even of the denouncer. The German press would be much better off today if this attempt to create artificially a new type of ownership and of controlling editors had not been made. Accusations that the papers are simply "tools" would have been less popular. It is true that the hold of the ICD—the representative of the occupation authorities—on the newspapers is relaxing, but only after unnecessary detours and lamentable errors. Too much was attempted and nothing accomplished.

Even more harm was inflicted by the attempts to regulate book publishing. The publishers were compelled to present long-term programs. The flexibility of their production, as the organ of the Swiss editors has recently stated, was thereby destroyed. Often they put too many titles on their lists in order to satisfy the requests of the regulators. These titles covered pamphlets and hastily written works, but the bureaucratic mind was satisfied. It knew what was coming. Numerous attempts were made to require the publication of certain translations, and the publishers had to accede, though they knew that many of these translations would not appeal to the German audience. The allocation of paper was handled in most mechanical ways. It did not matter whether a book was important or not, of particular interest to the public or not, the same number of copies had to be printed. It is somewhat depressing to hear that officers can prevent the publication of important scientific works and favor the publication of well-meaning but perfectly unnecessary political pamphlets. They can do this by granting or withholding licenses, paper allocations, etc. In the British zone the Catholic weekly, *Michael,* did not receive a license, but a license was granted to a certain Hieronimi, who, as a leader of the Hitler Youth, had written about "Youth Without God" and has now opened a publishing house devoted to erotic literature (some of which, it is true, has literary value). The vulgar Nazi writer, Steguweit, who exploited all the opportunities given to Nazis in the Third Reich, can publish, whereas Ernst Juenger, the great German writer, cannot publish—on the grounds that he was a militarist and nationalist. It is not astonishing that under these circumstances all cultural policies of the occupation forces are regarded with the utmost skepticism.

I think that it would be well to drop all pretense of re-education by the occupation authorities. It will be necessary to liquidate all the nonsense started with so much labor by the Intelligence Control Division. To pretend that a democratization of the German school system has been imposed or worked out with the help of the educational branches has no meaning. And why claim that former Nazis are not coming back if they really are? Why nurse illusions or deceive the public? I think that all educational and cultural activities ought to be turned over to private groups, to such foundations as the Rockefeller Foundation. They ought not to be hampered by a most artfully developed red tape. Exchanges of professors and students ought to be exclusively

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controlled by them—after agreements concerning numbers are reached and the necessary security checks are made. German publishers ought to be liberated from all fetters. In particular, they should be allowed to decide for themselves about translations of American books. I can see no value in sending to Germany American educators who know nothing about German education. One of them has indicated his ignorance sensationally by saying that he has everything under control, and that the American high-school ideal will triumph in Germany. Re-education from outside was bound to be a failure—for the forces of occupation are liked nowhere, even if they are as human and mild-mannered as the American and English are.

The actual trend is to turn over everything to Germans. I believe that the immediate liquidation of all official agencies which are designed to shape German thought and German cultural life as well as German educational institutions would be only a frank admission that an experiment which could not succeed, has failed. That of course does not mean the abandonment of centers of information where American literature is available. The America Houses have done a truly excellent job.

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But I will not conclude this description of the failure of re-education without some remarks about new, positive forces which can be observed in the cultural and intellectual life of present-day Germany. There is, in fact, a lost generation which was suppressed under the Nazi régime. Some representatives of this generation now display an admirable activity. I quote only two of the most striking examples in the field of publication: the monthly *Frankfurter Hefte* and the weekly *Rheinische Merkur* of Coblenz.

The *Frankfurter Hefte* is edited by Eugen Kogon, who spent the years 1938 to 1945, from the occupation of Austria to the collapse of the Third Reich, in a concentration camp. His book on the *SS State* is the most profound and best description of the totalitarian terror. I hope that this work will be made available in translation for American readers. The *Frankfurter Hefte* publishes many comments and articles which help the Germans to understand their situation. It has, for instance, frankly discussed the issues which are involved in German relations with Poland. It has printed outspoken complaints about the lack of interest displayed in western Germany over the plight of eastern refugees, thereby opposing a purely negative attitude which satisfied itself by denouncing the Oder-Neisse Line as the cause of all evils. The *Frankfurter Hefte,* and particularly Kogon's closest collaborator, Walter Dirks, does not believe in the possibility of restoring a social and economic order based on free enterprise. It advocates an ethical and religious socialism which, however, has only the name in common with old-fashioned Marxian socialism. But I think that even those who have the feeling that this ethical socialism is somewhat vague and does not solve the problem of combining planning with the maintenance of individual liberty, must regard it as a useful social criticism directed against an over-facile conservatism.

The weekly *Rheinische Merkur* is edited in Coblenz (French Zone) by Franz Albert Kramer. This publication has a circulation of over 300,000 copies in all three western zones, whereas most German periodicals are more or less limited to one zone. The *Merkur* is somewhat more historically minded than the *Frankfurter Hefte.* It emphasizes the Christian tradition of the past which must be preserved even in present-day Europe. The Prussian and centralizing tendencies of German history are very sharply criticized and seen as responsible for the rise of Nazism. The level of the articles is very high and affords an impressive proof of the cultivated taste of German readers. The influence of the French occupation can be seen in the many reprints from such French authors as Claudel, Mauriac, Maritain, Bernanos —but such influence is not resented in present-day Germany, where an extraordinary interest in French literature and French intellectual life is to be noted (hand in hand with a complete rejection of French political claims and policies).

The *Merkur* as well as the *Frankfurter Hefte* have been created by younger German publicists —many other periodicals could be quoted, but the best of them continue publications established before the Nazi régime. There is the *Gegenwart,* published in Frankfurt, whose editors try to maintain the high standards of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* with which they were formerly connected. There is the *Deutsche Rundschau,* whose publication has been resumed by Pechel, who was an active member of the German underground. There is the *Stimmen der Zeit,* edited by Jesuits, in which Father Pribilaa has published some of the most outspoken analyses of German responsibility for the plight of our time; there is the *Hochland,* which is today edited by one of the best younger German publicists, F. J. Schoeningh, which again attracts the best German writers; there is the weekly for the young German generation, *Michael,* edited by J. Maassen.

The younger generation is often flattered and overpaid in advance; its problems are made too conscious and taken too seriously in some periodicals devoted especially to the coming Germany. But, on the other hand, impressive search for truth and sincere self-examination are going on. Even the rather aesthetic *Wandlung,* the periodical of Jaspers and Sternberger, has published

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documents about Nazi policies and behavior which have compelled some Germans to reflect about their past. The *Werkhefte,* the Frankfurt organ of Catholic laymen, prints in the last issue a passionate appeal to German Catholic publicists to discuss again and again German responsibilities. Spiritual and intellectual leaders are accused of being too complacent towards the issue of German guilt. This article also quotes the famous Jesuit, von Nell Breuning, as stating that "the capitalist-bourgeois world has reappeared again as if nothing had happened." The much debated letter of Ida F. Goerres on the Church which the *Frankfurter Hefte* published proved that a healthy self-criticism is taking place in the ranks of German Catholics. True, this letter was regarded and rejected in some circles as anti-clerical—as denouncing the clergy unjustly—but, on the other hand, Ida F. Goerres received enthusiastic commendation from priests and members of religious orders and congregations.

The most discussed authors are Thomas Mann, Ernst Juenger and Elizabeth Langgaesser. (Among foreign authors the most widely read are Thornton Wilder, the French existentialists —the plays of Anouilh attract particular attention.) Thomas Mann is often attacked on account of some of his criticism of Germany and of his refusal even to visit Germany, but even bitter articles rejecting him as the writer of decay reveal how much his works continue to preoccupy the German mind. (His last novel, "Doctor Faustus," though to a large extent dealing with the German problem, is known in Germany only to a select few; it was published in Switzerland, and Swiss books cannot be imported into Germany, except as gifts.) Ernest Juenger is widely read—though his works cannot as yet be reprinted.

Many of the German intellectual activities suffer from too much concentration upon German issues. That is realized by Germans themselves who are most eager to establish contact with the outside world. Such contacts have been cultivated by the French and by the English (obviously also by the Swiss, who have done an admirable job of helping German intellectuals, teachers, librarians, etc.), but too little by Americans. The necessary contacts cannot be established by official bureaucratic organizations. Private initiative must play the decisive rôle. Colleges and associations must take over the leadership. It is amazing that such men as Eugen Kogon will come to the United States only this fall (always provided that red tape does not interfere). American institutions ought to contact corresponding German institutions. American associations ought to establish relations with corresponding German associations. In particular, exchanges between individual and individual are most important. How touchingly grateful German scholars are when interest is displayed in their work. Obviously, there will be some disappointment, there will be unexpected difficulties and sad misunderstandings. On the other hand, the sole means of helping Germans to distinguish between good and bad elements in their traditions and in the behavior of German governments is to give them the opportunity to become acquainted with the outside world and to see themselves in the light of judgments made by non-Germans. A leading German educator told me: "The American who is a member of some official agency of the military government cannot re-educate us—even if he is not only a kind, but a competent and well-informed man; we need to see Americans behave normally, without the embarrassing feeling of being in positions of authority." And he pointed out that the greatest value of the Hutchins-Rockefeller project which is sending Chicago professors to the University of Frankfurt consists in the opportunity given to German students to meet American professors on the same terms (or even less formally) as they meet German professors. Re-education imposed from above must be replaced by a voluntary self-re-education.

Schoolboy in England*

THOMAS MERTON

IT WAS on one of those mornings in Oxford Street, perhaps not the very first one, that Aunt Maud and I had a great conversation about my future. We had just bought me several pairs of grey flannel trousers and a sweater and some shoes and some grey flannel shirts and one of those floppy flannel hats that English children have to wear, and now, having emerged from D. H. Evans, were riding down Oxford Street on the top of an open bus, right up in the front, where one could see simply everything.

"I wonder if Tom has thought at all about his future," Aunt Maud said and looked at me, winking and blinking with both eyes as a sign of encouragement. I was Tom. She sometimes addressed you in the third person, like that, perhaps as a sign of some delicate, inward diffidence about bringing the matter up at all.

I admitted that I had thought a little about the future, and what I wanted to be. But I rather hesitated to tell her that I wanted to be a novelist.

"Do you think writing would be a good profession for anyone?" I said tentatively.

"Yes indeed, writing is a very fine profession!

*This is the first of two extracts THE COMMONWEAL will print of Thomas Merton's forthcoming autobiography, "The Seven Storey Mountain," to be published this fall by Harcourt, Brace & Company.

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But what kind of writing would you like to do?"

"I have been thinking that I might write stories," I said.

"I imagine you would probably do quite well at that, some day," said Aunt Maud, kindly, but added: "Of course, you know that writers sometimes find it very difficult to make their way in the world."

"Yes, I realize that," I said reflectively.

"Perhaps if you had some other occupation, as a means of making a living, you might find time to write in your spare moments. Novelists sometimes get their start that way, you know."

"I might be a journalist," I suggested, "and write for the newspapers."

"Perhaps that is a good idea," she said. "A knowledge of languages would be very valuable in that field, too. You could work your way up to the position of a foreign correspondent."

"And I could write books in my spare time."

"Yes, I suppose you probably could manage it that way."

I think we rode all the way out to Ealing, talking in this somewhat abstract and utopian strain, and finally we got off, and crossed Haven Green to Castlebar Road where we had to stop in at Durston House for something or other.

It was not the first time I had met Mrs. Pearce, the headmistress of Ripley Court. She was a bulky and rather belligerent-looking woman with great pouches under her eyes. She was standing in a room in which were hung several of my father's paintings. She had probably been looking at them, and considering the error and instability of an artist's way of life when Aunt Maud mentioned the fact that we had been talking about my own future.

"Does he want to be a dilettante like his father?" said Mrs. Pearce roughly, surveying me with a rather outraged expression through the lenses of her spectacles.

"We were thinking that perhaps he might become a journalist," said Aunt Maud gently.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Pearce, "let him go into business and make a decent living for himself. There's no use in his wasting his time and deceiving himself. He might as well get some sensible ideas into his head from the very start, and prepare himself for something solid and reliable and not go out into the world with his head full of dreams." And then, turning to me, she cried out: "Boy! Don't become a dilettante, do you hear?"

I was received at Ripley Court, although the summer term was almost over, more or less as if I were an orphan or some kind of a stray that required at once pity and a special, not unsuspicious kind of attention. I was the son of an artist, and had just come from two years in a French school, and the combination of artist and France added up to practically everything that Mrs. Pearce and her friends suspected and disliked. Besides, to crown it all, I did not know any Latin. What was to be made of a boy who was already in the middle of his fourteenth year and could not decline *mensa*—had never even opened a Latin grammar?

So I had the humiliation of once again descending to the lowest place and sitting with the smallest boys in the school and beginning at the beginning.

But Ripley was a pleasant and happy place after the prison of the Lycée. The huge, dark green sweep of the cricket field, and the deep shadows of the elm trees where one sat waiting for his innings, and the dining room where we crammed ourselves with bread and butter and jam at tea-time and listened to Mr. Onslow reading aloud from the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, all this was immense luxury and peace after Montauban.

And the mentality of the red-faced, innocent English boys was a change. They seemed to be much pleasanter and much happier—and indeed they had every reason to be so, since they all came from the shelter of comfortable and secure homes and were so far protected from the world by a thick wall of ignorance—a wall which was to prove no real protection against anything as soon as they passed on to their various Public Schools, but which, for the time being, kept them children.

On Sundays, we all dressed up in the ludicrous clothes that the English conceive to be appropriate to the young, and went marching off to the village church, where a whole transept was reserved for us. There we all sat in rows, in our black Eton jackets and our snow-white Eton collars choking us up to the chin, and bent our well-brushed and combed heads over the pages of our hymnals. And at last I was really going to Church.

On Sunday evenings, after the long walk in the country, through the lush Surrey fields, we gathered again in the wooden drill-room of the school, and sat on benches, and sang hymns, and listened to Mr. Onslow reading aloud from *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Thus, just about the time when I most needed it, I did acquire a little natural faith, and found many occasions of praying and lifting up my mind to God. It was the first time I had ever seen people kneel publicly by their beds before getting into them, and the first time I had ever sat down to meals after a grace.

And for about the next two years I think I was almost sincerely religious. Therefore, I was also, to some extent, happy and at peace. I do not think there was anything very supernatural about it, although I am sure grace was working

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in all our souls in some obscure and uncertain way. But at least we were fulfilling our natural duties to God—and therefore satisfying a natural need: for our duties and our needs, in all the fundamental things for which we were created, come down in practice to the same thing.

*

Later on, like practically everyone else in our stupid and godless society, I was to consider these two years as "my religious phase." I am glad that that now seems very funny. But it is sad that it is funny in so few cases. Because I think that practically everybody does go through such a phase, and for the majority of them, that is all that it is, a phase and nothing more. If that is so, it is their own fault: for life on this earth is not simply a series of "phases" which we more or less passively undergo. If the impulse to worship God and to adore Him in truth by the goodness and order of our own lives is nothing more than a transitory and emotional thing, that is our own fault. It is so only because we make it so, and because we take what is substantially a deep and powerful and lasting moral impetus, supernatural in its origin and in its direction, and reduce it to the level of our weak and unstable and futile fancies and desires.

Prayer is attractive enough when it is considered in a context of good food, and sunny joyous country churches, and the green English countryside. And, as a matter of fact, the Church of England means all this. It is a class religion, the cult of a special society and group, not even of a whole nation, but of the ruling minority in a nation. That is the principal basis for its rather strong coherence up to now. There is certainly not much doctrinal unity, much less a mystical bond between people many of whom have even ceased to believe in grace or Sacraments. The thing that holds them together is the powerful attraction of their own social tradition, and the stubborn tenacity with which they cling to certain social standards and customs, more or less for their own sake. . . The English cling to their Church the way they cling to their King and to their old schools: because of a big, vague, sweet complex of subjective dispositions regarding the English countryside, old castles and cottages, games of cricket in the long summer afternoons, tea-parties on the Thames, croquet, roastbeef, pipe-smoking, the Christmas panto, *Punch* and the London *Times* and all those other things the mere thought of which produces a kind of inexpressible ache in the English heart.

I got mixed up in all this as soon as I entered Ripley Court, and it was strong enough in me to blur and naturalize all that might have been supernatural in my attraction to pray and to love God. And consequently the grace that was given me was stifled, not at once, but gradually. As long as I lived in this peaceful hothouse atmosphere of cricket and Eton collars and synthetic childhood, I was pious, perhaps sincerely. But as soon as the frail walls of this illusion broke down again—that is, as soon as I went to a Public School and saw that, underneath their sentimentality, the English were just as brutal as the French—I made no further effort to keep up what seemed to me to be a more or less manifest pretense.

At the time, of course, I was not capable of reasoning about all this. Even if my mind had been sufficiently developed to do so I would never have found the perspective for it. Besides, all this was going on in my emotions and feelings, rather than in my mind and will—thanks to the vagueness and total unsubstantiality of Anglican doctrine as it gets preached, in practice, from most pulpits.

It is a terrible thing to think of the grace that is wasted in this world, and of the people that are lost. Perhaps one explanation of the sterility and inefficacy of Anglicanism in the moral order is, besides its lack of vital contact with the Mystical Body of the True Church, the social injustice and the class oppression on which it is based: for, since it is mostly a class religion, it contracts the guilt of the class from which it is inseparable. But this is a guess which I am not prepared to argue out.

I was already nearly too old for Ripley Court, being by now fourteen, but I had to pick up enough Latin to be able to make at least a presentable showing in a scholarship examination for some Public School. As to the school where I should go, Uncle Ben made a more or less expert choice, in his capacity as retired headmaster of a prep school. Since Father was poor, and an artist, there would be no thinking of one of the big schools like Harrow or Winchester—though Winchester was the one for which Uncle Ben had the greatest respect, having achieved his ambition of sending many of his pupils there with scholarships. The reason was twofold: not merely that Father could not be considered able to pay the bills (although, in fact, Pop was to pay them, from America) but the scholarship examinations would be altogether too hard for me.

The final choice was regarded by everyone as very suitable. It was an obscure but decent little school in the Midlands, an old foundation, with a kind of a little tradition of its own. It had recently gone up slightly in its rating because of the work of its greatest headmaster, who was just about to retire—all of this was the kind of thing Uncle Ben knew and told me, and Aunt Maud confirmed it, saying:

"I am sure you will find Oakham a very nice school."

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

INDIAN CONSTITUTION AND RELIGIOUS RIGHTS

Rome, 8/7 (CIP)—"Subject to public order, morality and health, all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and to the right freely to profess, practice, and propagate their religion . . . The State shall not discriminate against any citizen because of his religion, race or sex. . . Every religious denomination or any section thereof shall have the right to establish and maintain institutions for religious and charitable purposes. . ."

These extracts from the draft Constitution of India, prepared by a Seven-Person Drafting Committee elected by the Constitutent Assembly, indicate that great efforts have been made to draft a Constitution which will be fair to all religious groups. There seems to be a widespread assumption that territorial problems such as the status of Kashmir and Hyderabad, both of which are now before the UN, must be settled before the Constitution can be adopted.

As far as education is concerned, the draft Constitution is clearer as to what will *not* be allowed than as to what will be legal and constitutional. Paragraph 22, for instance, reads. "No religious instruction shall be provided by the State in any educational institution wholly maintained out of State funds. . . No person attending any educational institution recognized by the State or receiving aid out of State funds shall be required to take part in any religious instruction that may be imparted in such institution or any premises attached thereto, unless such person or, if such person is a minor, his guardian has given his consent. Nothing in this article shall prevent any community or denomination from providing religious instruction for pupils of that community or denomination in an educational institution outside its working hours."

DISCRIMINATION IN PAKISTAN

Rome, 8/3 (CIP)—"The growing tendency of Moslem landlords to replace Christian tenants by their own co-religionists" was deplored by *Dewan Bahadur S. P. Singha,* a member of the West Punjab Legislative Assembly, in an article published in the *Civil and Military Gazette,* Lahore, Pakistan, a *Fides* dispatch states. The writer of the article is a recent convert to the Catholic Church, having been baptized at Karachi last December, and has made a study of discrimination against Christian workers and tenant farmers in the West Junjab Province of Pakistan. (East Punjab belongs to India.) Mr. Singha declared: "I have not lost hope that the leaders of the Moslem League will yet issue appeals to stop this tendency (of replacing Christians by Moslems)."

Christians, Mr. Singha declared, must unite "without rancor and despondency" to make the best of the situation and to mobilize their resources and energies for the economic and psychological rehabilitation of the community. Mr. Singha suggested that a Committee of Christian Leaders, Catholic and Protestant, be formed in Pakistan to submit suggestions to the Government as well as to develop self-help plans. Such a Committee, Mr. Singha stated, would also be in an excellent position to aid the Christian representatives in the Fundamental Rights' and Minorities' Committee of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly.

BAMBERG CHRISTIAN RADIO

Munich, 8/4 (CIP)—The Christian Radio Station of Bamberg, American Zone of Germany, for which plans have been completed under the joint sponsorship of the Catholic Archbishop, *Most Rev. Joseph Kolb,* and the Lutheran Bishop, *Rev. Dr. H. Meiser,* is expected to share in the proceeds of the monthly license fees which owners of radio sets have to pay in Germany. A bill to this effect has just been endorsed by a Committee of the Bavarian Landtag (House of Representatives). The bill states that not only Government-controlled Bavarian Broadcasting Company but also private radio stations have a claim to part of the listener's fees.

The vote in the Committee was preceded by a lively discussion. The spokesmen of the Social Democratic Party (the second largest in Parliament) opposed any participation of private stations in the listeners' fees while the representatives of the Christian Social Union (the largest party) pointed out that the Christian Radio Station, on which complete agreement has been reached between Catholics and Protestants, will perform an important public service and, therefore, will be entitled to a share of the listeners' fees.

DUTCH CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT SCHOLARS PRODUCE HISTORY

The Hague,8/11 (CIP)—The first volume of a monumental "History of Christian Civilization" in 5 volumes, produced by the joint efforts of many scholars under the editorship of seven distinguished Catholic and Protestant theologians, philosophers, and historians, has just been published. It is being hailed as a unique achievement and as striking evidence of the possibility of Catholic-Protestant co-operation in such a scholarly enterprise. The basis of the cooperation is the requirement that every contribution, before being published, must be approved by each one of the seven editors.

JOSEPHINE BAKER'S AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE

Rome, 8/6 (CIP)—Communist and other leftist newspapers have commented ironically on the audience which *Pope Pius XII* granted the famous Negro actress and singer, *Josephine Baker,* July 28, the day before he left for his summer residence at Castelgandolfo. Reference was made, in particular, to her former marriages and divorces. It is pointed out in well-informed circles, however, that under Canon Law, only her present marriage, concluded before a Catholic priest, is valid. Miss Baker has been living lately a very secluded life. She has bought a large estate in Southwestern France on which she has opened a school for the children of the nearby village.

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Communications

THE STATE OF ISRAEL

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I have read with considerable amazement the editorial entitled, "Then to Side with Truth is Nobler . . ." in your issue of July 23, 1948.

I cannot speak for the newspaper reporters whom you attack in your article but there are certain inaccuracies in other fields touched on in this piece which I feel must not go unanswered.

(1) You say "It took several days before a certain Jewish volunteer, quite illegally quitting his job here to go gallivanting in Palestine, was admitted to have been shot by an Israel sentry for speaking English instead of Yiddish." "The "Jewish volunteer" you speak of with such sarcasm was Colonel David Marcus, a West Point graduate with a fine war record, who resigned his commission in the United States Army not as you assume for purposes of traveling to Palestine but for purposes of entering into a civilian occupation. There was nothing illegal about Colonel Marcus's action and if you check with the United States Army you will find that such resignations are not uncommon.

That he did decide to take part in the fighting in Israel is in keeping with the great American traditions to fight for liberty and freedom in any place where these principles are outraged by senseless and brutal attacks of aggression. America too has benefitted in the past by the presence in its armies of great foreign volunteers such as Lafayette and Kosciusko, who sided with the Americans in their early struggle for independence. Men such as Colonel Marcus are unfortunately too few in our modern world today and his loss is not only a loss to the Jewish cause in Israel but to the world at large and cannot be lightly passed off with such flip remarks in your magazine.

The facts of the case are these: Colonel Marcus was killed by an Arab bullet at the time he was returning to his headquarters from a review of his troops in the field. It was an honorable death in an honorable pursuit. Where you received the information that he was shot by an Israeli sentry for speaking English instead of Yiddish is something that should be clarified. In any event the language of our country is the language of the Bible: Hebrew. It is the language of our army as well.

(2) You speak of the destruction and occupation of Christian shrines in the Holy City by the Jews. This alleged claim by Arab clergy has never been proved to the satisfaction of the disinterested observer. Claims of desecration and destruction with regard to the holy places in Jerusalem have been basically political and with no real evidence or truth. We would appreciate if your magazine would give us chapter and verse of those holy places allegedly destroyed by the Jews. The Jews of Jerusalem waited with bated breath for the outcry by Christians all over the world against the shelling by the Arab Legion of the city that is holy to Jews, Arabs *and* Christians. No such outcry was raised at the time that Moslem soldiers led by Christian officers poured shell after shell into the Holy City. As our Prime Minister, Mr. Ben-Gurion, said, the *defense* of the Holy City was left to the Jews of the Holy City and it was soon proved who considered the city holy. The blasts against the Jews desecrating holy places are unwarranted and without foundation.

(3) You speak of the fact that the Mediator would certainly not tell the United Nations what to do. Again you speak without recourse to the facts of the situation. Not only has the Mediator on several occasions told the United Nations what to do but he has departed beyond his terms of reference under his appointment by the United Nations to make proposals and suggestions that were not sanctioned by the United Nations. For example, the United Nations spoke of internationalization of Jerusalem. The Mediator suggested to both parties that Jerusalem be turned over to a *Moslem* king rather than be internationalized. I do not remember seeing at any time any outcry by the Christian world against this proposal. The Mediator also proposed that the port city of Haifa be internationalized at a time when the United Nations recommended that it be part of the Jewish State. The Mediator suggested that fundamental changes be made in the Negeb (Southern Desert) when the United Nations resolution of November 29th, 1947, expressly gave that section (with the exception of a strip along the coast) to the Jews.

It is easy to talk glibly and in your case rather cynically of these vital matters. It is easy to speak of them in terms of a far-off place of which the world is tired or as you put it—"the public is hot; the public is lazy." What a great number of people in the United States seem to forget is that here is a community of 750,000 people fighting for the right to live as a free and independent people and for the right to establish their own state in the same manner and under the same conditions which prevailed in America in the 18th century. However, what is more important, if the public is to be informed and if the public is to take intelligent action, then they must have the facts and these facts must be truths. Some of these truths are lacking in your article. I think it only right that this should be pointed out to you, not in any controversial spirit, but rather in the spirit of the headline which you give to that very same comment, "Then to Side with Truth is Nobler. . . ." HARRY ZINDER,

Press Attaché

Mission of Israel to the United States.

TO TAKE *the points made by Israel's Press Attaché in reverse order: the reference to the Mediator in our editorial was to a headline that misrepresented a report made by Count Bernadotte to the United Nations. It was not a comment on his general activity in search for a settlement. The last sentence of the quotation we printed is this: "In this regard the decisions of the Security Council will be controlling." This would seem to be the precise opposite of telling the United Nations what to do. The rôle of a mediator is to make suggestions to the deciding body. It does not appear that Count Bernadotte has done anything else.*

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As to Mr. Zinder's second point: Our concern about "the destruction and occupation of Christian shrines" was, and remains, based on a Manifesto drafted by the Latin Patriarchate, and signed by the Greek Orthodox, the Armenian Orthodox Patriarchs, the Franciscan Order, which is the custodian of Terra Santa, the Coptic and Syrian Orthodox patriarchs, and the Greek Catholic and Armenian Catholic Vicariates. It said:

> We can state that the largest part of the shells falling on the Holy City and on Churches, Convents and Red Cross Institutions are of Jewish origin. To declare the truth and an objective fact, we add: The Arabs have stated they respected the Holy Places, Churches, Convents and Red Cross Institutions. In fact they have respected them up to the present time.

The statement was addressed to "religious and political authorities throughout the world." It goes on to say:

> The Jews on the morning of Saturday, May 15th, occupied by armed force the convent of Notre Dame de France, the Redemptorist Sisters and the French hospital, which they fortified and from which they began to fire on the Holy City. On Mount Zion they occupied the Monastery of the German Benedictine Fathers and two convents of the Holy Trinity and St. George belonging to the Orthodox Church, from which they fired on the city of Jerusalem. They also occupy today the International Red Cross. They occupied the Italian hospital and took down, despite protests by the Italian consul, the Italian flag and put up their own flag. They used the terraces as gun emplacements. They occupied the apostolic delegation protected by the flag of the Holy See.

The matter of course is not settled by a single report. The substance of the Manifesto, however, justifies our having expressed concern.

Our comment on the American Army officer who died for a cause in which he believed, again was addressed to the manner in which his death was reported in the Press. His departure for Palestine "for purposes of entering into a civilian occupation" was not illegal. Had he attempted to leave the United States with the proclaimed purpose of organizing and leading Jewish troops in Palestine he would not have been allowed by our government to proceed. Upon his arrival in Palestine this, in fact, is what he did with the noblest of motives, but certainly not in accordance with American policy. As to the manner of his death we refer once again to dispatches in the New York Times. *Mistakes can happen; sometimes they are ironical; they in no way cancel the fact that this American died for his beliefs.*

Finally, THE COMMONWEAL'S *long record of devotion to the cause of defending the Jewish people of all the world against persecution speaks for itself. The immediate question of Palestine which has produced so many consequences entirely unforeseen by the Zionist movement seems to us a debatable question and one which cannot be solved by a blanket identification of the State of Israel with the state of the Jewish cause.*—THE EDITORS.

"THE ANALYST AND THE CONFESSOR"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The matter with which "The Analyst and the Confessor" (by Victor White—issue of July 23) deals is, of course, of great interest to me, and I have discussed similar problems more than once. The views I have expressed and still hold concerning the relations and differences of Confession and mental therapy (I prefer not using the name of psychoanalysis, which has been coined by Freud and should be applied to his doctrine exclusively) are rather in agreement with Father White's article. I would, however, stress the differences still more, especially in regard to the rôle played and the attitude assumed by the psychotherapist on one hand and the confessor on the other.

The latter judges; he is there to judge. Without judgment, he neither could absolve (actually he cannot when, according to his judgment, there is no *materia*), nor could he impose a penance or expect contrition. The psychologist does not judge. This does not mean, of course, that he condones; but his task is primarily that of understanding, of discovering the hidden forces which make an individual behave in a manner that throws him into conflicts, causes suffering, or incapacitates him for a normal and efficient life. The psychologist or psychiatrist does not abandon his moral principles; but he puts them "in brackets."

It is perfectly true that mental treatment resembles, ideally at least, "conversion," and ends, or should end in a true *metanoia*. The American psychiatrist Kempf has said, many years ago, that the principle of psychotherapy *is* conversion.

Although Father White does not say so in so many words, it seems to me that he is more appreciative of Jung's psychology than I would care to be. In passing, I might comment on the remark of Jung about the minority of Catholic patients among his clientèle. I do not deny that Catholicism and particularly the habit of Confession exercise some salutary influence. But there is also the fact that Catholics are, on the whole, rather disinclined to talk over their personal conflicts with a man whom they know to be a non-Catholic, one who has, as Jung once did, described himself as standing on the "leftest" wing of Protestantism. On the other hand, one has to recognize the importance of Jung's statement concerning the rôle played by the religious problem in human life.

There is, to be sure, no reason for excluding the possibility that God's grace avails itself also of the psychiatrist's endeavors to become effective. One knows the principle that "grace presupposes nature." Psychiatry deals with nature, and with nature exclusively. Guidance, in the sense that it would point out the right ends, is not a task of psychiatry. But by freeing man from inhibitions, by making him understand himself, by rendering him able to form decisions in a responsible manner, psychiatry may "prepare the way of the Lord."

However great the services be which psychiatry renders to modern man and modern society, one ought not overlook that the extension of these services and the increasing

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importance credited to them entail also a certain danger. The growing tendency to rely on the "expert's" judgment is one of the characteristics of modern civilization. It has become inevitable that one refer to the expert, since the complication of conditions, the specialization of techniques and the enormous expansion of knowledge no longer permit the individual a sufficient acquaintance with problems and solutions. But the expert can know only of ways and means, not of ends. As a scientist he studies facts. What the ends are or should be, no science—unless one call ethics such a one—can discover. Guidance, however, is apt to confuse its task of showing man *how* to achieve his ends with the other one of telling him *what* ends to seek. Psychiatry, in particular, falls easily prey to this error. It is dominated by the ideals of medicine. Its primary endeavor is to relieve suffering. A person maladjusted, as he is called, is involved in conflicts and hence suffers. Medical thought sees but one way: to relieve him of his sufferings he must be rendered able to adjust. Adjust to what? To the actually prevailing conditions. Psychiatry does not care, or cannot care, whether these conditions are right or wrong, when viewed from the angle of morals. If morals become a hindrance to adjustment and (apparent) individual well-being, then morals must be changed. This has been declared openly to be the task of psychiatry.

That this is a position inacceptable to anyone still believing in an objective, and hence unchangeable, code of morals should be evident. The approval, therefore, the "Confessor" bestows on the "Analyst" must be qualified.

RUDOLF ALLERS, *M.D., Ph.D.*
Professor of Psychology,
The Catholic University of America.

TWO APPEALS

MR. LUDWIG GREIN of Evanston, Ill., has asked for special help for the Caritas office (Catholic Charities) in the Main-Taunus and Ober-Taunus regions in the American Zone of Germany, where terrible crowding has resulted from the influx of great numbers of refugees from the East and from bombed-out German cities. The area consists of forty-eight towns, villages and hamlets. Under normal conditions people were often crammed two or three into a room, and the new influx has resulted in tuberculosis, juvenile delinquency, broken marriages. . . . Field workers report dire need of blankets, food and clothing. Address: Caritasverband, Bad Soden, Parkstrasse 9, American Zone, Germany.

Rev. Dr. Karl Rudolf of Stephansplatz 5, Vienna 1, Austria, writes that in addition to the 700 children they are now caring for, in their charitable homes (whose chairmen have in recent years been Monsignor Seipel, the Austrian chancellor, and the present Archbishop of Vienna and his predecessor) some 200 more have applied for admittance this fall. Because of crucial need they wish to restore one of their buildings destroyed in the war. At the moment Baroness Steindl-Rast is at 120 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y., and commissioned by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna to accept funds for this purpose.

The Screen

Murder Murder Everywhere

THREE NEW arrivals on our screens use the theme of murder and guilt in a most extraordinary way. From Germany has been imported *"Murderers Among Us,"* the first of the new films that indicates a return to the mastery of cinematic techniques which brought forth the great German movies of the 1920's. Although this picture isn't quite up to the top-notch items of the old days, it has been expertly directed by Wolfgang Staudte, who also wrote the script, and what it lacks in expensive production scenes it more than makes up for in good acting and the use of actual locale sets of bombed-out Berlin. These shots of the ruined city fit the story perfectly: the plot mainly concerns a doctor (played by Ernst Borchert) who turns to drink to escape reality at the war's end and to evade facing the problem of his own guilt as well as the guilt of his fellow-countrymen in the war. He cynically believes that humanity is not worth curing and that only in fairy tales is there a choice between good and bad. How this man learns that in real life one is not limited only to choice between lesser and greater evils provides the core to this engrossing film which has been further embellished with several subplots and nicely portrayed minor characters. Hildegard Knef turns in a beautifully moving portrayal of the woman who falls in love with the doctor and helps him to get over the idea that peace is only a fleeting halt before the next massacre. I don't think that this film is by any means perfect or that it tells the whole story of the feeling in Germany of responsibility for nazi horrors, but it is a start in the right direction; and it is a fascinating movie.

Also fascinating, but for entirely different reasons, is the new Alfred Hitchcock opus, *"Rope."* This is a cinematic version of the Patrick Hamilton play about the two esthetes, who are so impressed with a philosophy of superior intellect that they commit what they consider a perfect crime and then stage a party to celebrate their achievement. The film opens as the two young men (John Dall, Farley Granger) strangle their victim, moves continuously to their preparations for the party, and continues right on through the party as Hitchcock's fluid camera never stops or leaves the confines of this New York apartment. The whole is a *tour de force* in gruesome horror. And Hitchcock uses camera, good technicolor, the script by Arthur Laurents and an outstanding cast to make the most of every tense scene. Perhaps it's the situation itself that sets us on edge, or perhaps it's the details (using the chest in which the body is hidden as a buffet table, etc., etc.) or perhaps it's the continuous flow of conversation—both witty and macabre—or perhaps it's the well dressed, intellectual people at the party (Cedric Hardwicke as the victim's father, Constance Collier as his aunt, James Stewart as the teacher partly responsible for Nietzschean ideas that influenced the two murderers and rebounded to horrify this teacher

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when he realizes what has happened, and several more, attractive young people) or perhaps it's Hitchcock's clever manipulation of all these elements that makes this one of the most suspenseful movies on the screen today. Obviously it is not for the squeamish, but even they can see the moral theme that underlies its thrilling surface.

I wish the makers of *"Escape"* hadn't tried so hard to get new thrills into Galsworthy's old play. Or perhaps the play with its lengthy arguments about the morals involved in aiding an escaped prisoner, isn't suitable for the movies in the first place. In any case, this version which was made in England is so phoney that it lacks both suspense and human interest. Its one big scene, in which the parson (Norman Wooland) is confronted with the problem of lying to the police or giving up the escaped convict (Rex Harrison), is done very well; but this is hardly enough to warrant sitting through all the other tedious episodes that are talky and rather amateurish in production. I have a sneaking idea that "Escape" would seem pretty old hat on the stage too.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Tragedy at Tanglewood

FRANCIS J. BURKLEY

I DO not know that I like it, but it is what I mean," Ralph Vaughan Williams is quoted as saying after delivering himself of a dissonant, acrid "Fourth Symphony." Most contemporary composers would have said: "I do not know whether it is what I mean, but I like it." Vaughan Williams at seventy is not only more forthright, more solidly sure of himself, but he has the humility of the only man today who is capable of writing truly contemplative music. This is a sweeping statement. But the "Fifth Symphony" proved it, and the "Epilogue" of the "Sixth," just given its American première by Koussevitzky at Tanglewood, is clearly his Spiritual Canticle.

The vitality of creative intellect that makes possible the profound tonal meditation of the "Epilogue" has called forth obvious comparison with the Verdi of "Othello." But the significance is deeper than that. Here is a man who, in an age profligate in its display of orchestral splendor, uses color when he needs it rather than when he wants it—because he has learned the meaning of musical mortification. Whereas Strauss, the sterile sensualist whose "Don Quixote" followed the new work last Saturday, indulged himself so frantically in the meteoric tone-poems of his earlier period, that his palette quickly paled, his powers atrophied. No one has listened to him since the exuberances of a brilliant past.

But today at Tanglewood Strauss is more popular than Vaughan Williams. The lush pages of his best writing speak a language that this audience knows, as it knows good food, high-powered automobiles, comfort, luxury and, above all, excitement. "If this is peace," said a Boston lady after the Epilogue of the Symphony, "I must admit that war is more exciting." There are intelligent faces in this audience, faces which reflect good breeding, personal charm, taste. But there are vastly more faces which are hard, spoiled, discontented. They are looking for something and think they have found it in "music worship," as the *Tanglewood Times,* with unsuspecting accuracy, calls it. Art for Art's sake has found here a new dimension: "Music alone can still tame the beast in man," declared Koussevitzky to the worshipers at Tanglewood in 1940. In 1948 he pontificates to his cult: "We, musicians, are initiated into this higher order of knowledge; we are deeply aware of the transcendent power of music."

A subsequent Tanglewood program testified to the "transcendent power" of a pathological Russian composer, whose gift for drawing the crowd with him into an ecstasy of self-pity is equaled only by a true if tortured genius for broad, singable melodic line and a blazing orchestral technique. Three "sure-fire" works were scheduled: the "Pathetique" Symphony, "the" piano concerto, and the "1812" Overture. While visiting New York in 1891 Tschaikowsky wrote: "I feel that something within me is crushed. . . . I still suffer unbearably . . . after experiencing several painful hours . . . I finally went out, was again splendidly greeted, and created, as is said in today's newspapers, a sensation. . . . They drove me home in Carnegie's carriage . . . this little multi-millionaire is awfully gracious to me and talks all the time about an engagement for next year. At Damrosch's a very original supper . . . much champagne was drunk."

The same era which brought Hawthorne to the House of Seven Gables inspired "this little multi-millionaire" to build for himself, at a stone's throw from Tanglewood, a mammoth little summer mansion called Shadowbrook, overlooking the same charming lake which Hawthorne viewed. No one stays long at Shadowbrook today, except a few fools—fools for Christ's sake. The lawns are mostly gone to good, honest hay, while those at Tanglewood are still manicured for the masses. But at Shadowbrook there is the Mass—in Carnegie's old ballroom. And there is leaven, in potentia, for the mass. Here one sees quite other faces than at Tanglewood. "The priest must be among the lay people as a lump of salt among brute beasts" ("bruta animalia"), wrote Saint Gregory. But there is a little tragedy here too, in accent diametrically different than the tone of Tanglewood, but still "fatal and mournful": fatal to the cultural life of the Church, mournful because something could so easily be done about it. Here at Shadowbrook is the microcosm. Parish-life is the microcosm. The fatal fallacy is choosing always a lesser of two evils instead of a greater of two goods. At Tanglewood of a summer Sunday morning one has the accessories without the essentials: the greatest American organist plays a significant contemporary "Church Sonata" by the French Catholic, Francis Poulenc. While at Shadowbrook, so near and yet so far, a novice may be heard losing himself in tawdry variations on "Beautiful Savior," excerpts from an anemic "modern" Mass by some mercifully nameless church-composer, and selections from "Fifty Gems For the Organ" (you know what a "gem" is).

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The New York *Times* for the same day pictures and stories "that most elusive of creatures—the average New York family" in a little study of how wage-earners are "making out." Dad Greco earns $54.89 per week for "manhandling produce at the Bronx Terminal Market." With Mom and the two kids he goes to Mass every Sunday morning, and contributes "modestly" to Catholic charities. In their cultural moments the real, if unperceived, sorrow bleeds through: all four lining up cheerfully for a 40-cent movie, "the costliest entertainment the Grecos can afford." When this highlight of the week is wanting, "pulp magazines form the bulk" of the children's reading. Dad Greco reads the newspaper and nothing else; his wife occasionally treats herself to a "love story magazine." There is a radio going (natcherly). Do you suppose the Grecos would have it tuned to Tanglewood? Do you suppose that at Mass in the Bronx that morning they heard either Poulenc or Palestrina?

The English Dominican, Father Gerald Vann (we'll wager he knows his Vaughan Williams) says (perhaps without realizing that he is talking to tangled Tanglewood): "a terrible responsibility rests upon the artists . . . the painters and poets and makers of music, in a world like our own which has so largely forgotten art in its daily life. If they deliberately turn their treasure into a toy, if they deliberately address themselves to a cultured clique and ignore and despise the masses as past redemption, they are fighting on the side of evil, because they are refusing their responsibility to the world." Koussevitzky, of course, doesn't think he is despising the masses he would redeem with music, though he does say that "art cannot be . . . crushed under the thumb of the mass." But 9,076 people (the attendance last Sunday) can still be a clique. (You can't get a square meal near Tanglewood without a coat on, Mr. Greco—so be sure and bring it when you come, along with about $3.75 per capita for the dinner, plus tickets, accommodations (very high) and transportation from the Bronx).

If this year's music festival at Tanglewood had done nothing else but present the American première of Vaughan Williams's "Sixth Symphony," said Olin Downes of the New York *Times*, "it would have placed the nation in its debt." But the Grecos will never know it. They will stay home in the Bronx after Sunday Mass. If they later go to Benediction they will have had their musical inspiration for the week singing a few good rousing tunes with the congregation. Where shall they learn otherwise? "Let us recall," writes Dietrich von Hildebrand, "the swamp of triviality and sentimentality into which certain modern religious hymns sink even though full of good and pious intentions. These hymns actually invite the faithful to drop into the superficial; they lead the outsider astray, for instead of offering him the true face of Christ . . . instead of revealing . . . the mysterious splendor of 'the fairest of the children of man,' they lead us into a world of sentimentality and philistine narrowness repulsive even from the natural point of view . . . induce the faithful to abandon the level of genuine religious emotion for the sphere of childhood memories; or else incite to a profession of feelings of mere allegiance such as are typical of any Fourth of July gathering." Here are the musical equivalents of the pulp magazines to which the Grecos are so completely dedicated. Where are the "lumps of salt?"

★

There is a road between Shadowbrook and Tanglewood. It leads "up hill all the way, yes to the very end." It is the long, winding road which all Catholics must travel, lump and lay alike, if we are to achieve a true, complete, balanced religion-culture. "Culture" cannot survive without religion—the fate of the worshipers at Tanglewood is inevitable. And religion will survive without all of the manifestations of a deep, permeating culture. But there are always the "bruta animalia," and Saint Thomas says that "a man deprived of the pleasures of the spirit goes over to the pleasures of the flesh." Great music is a high pleasure of the spirit. It is a good which should find a disciplined, proportioned place in our hierarchy of values. In the concert hall it deserves reverence, but not worship. In the church it could, if we would examine our cultural conscience, serve as the true handmaid of worship. The silences required of those who listen, rather than merely hear, can induce the reflectiveness of the philosopher, the spirit of the contemplative, can "lead to the steps of the temple." Those who travel this road will discover that the esthetic experience is "not only a gift, but a reward. . . . Beauty is not a soft luxury. Sublime virtue is the act of the purified soul." With Raïssa Maritain they will discover that music can be "an ever-present companion, always ready to give me joy." With Jacques Maritain they may even discover that certain music "is ontological. It is born in the singular roots of being, the nearest possible to that juncture of the soul and spirit, spoken of by Saint Paul."

IT must be very pleasant to feel so strongly about Ralph Vaughan Williams and Tschaikowsky, and Mr. Burkley has the right to feel as he likes. But I am not sure that he has the right to omniscience about the home life of the Greco family in the Bronx in New York, since there is nothing to prove that they do not spend all their time listening to his Mr. Williams on the radio. I am, however, sure that he has been led by alliteration into this business about "Tragedy at Tanglewood." The tragedy is not that people—even people with automobiles—listen to music at Tanglewood. For a long time the tragedy has been that young American composers have had no orchestras to play them; instrumentalists no orchestras to play in; conductors no orchestras to lead. Mr. Burkley does not even mention Koussevitsky's school. He does not mention that Tanglewood has not been conducting a Tschaikowsky-Williams tournament, but has been playing all sorts of music from Bach to contemporary Americans. Instead he is concerned with "worshipers" who exist mainly in speeches (musicians need not be philosophers) and in the program notes. Worry about the adoption of a music cult by America seems premature. The real worry is that no one will take the trouble to learn to play an instrument any more because of the juke boxes. Tanglewood helps take that worry away. C.G.P.

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Books

Reflections on the World Today. Paul Valéry. Translated by Francis Scarfe. Pantheon. $3.50.

VALÉRY had much in common with Descartes besides that first rule for conducting the reason which he enlists at the beginning of this book. "Reflections on the World Today" is "dedicated to those who adhere to no system or political party and who, therefore, are still at liberty to question what is in doubt and not free to deny what is beyond question." Incidental to this principle there is the difficulty in agreeing about what is "beyond question," or, as Descartes had it, "clear and distinct." There is the same faith in the powers of the individual to find out truths for himself, by means of a method brought over from mathematics. There is a very real relationship between Descartes' philosophic and Valéry's poetic inventions. And both were the work of lonely men, essentially unconcerned with what might transpire outside their own heads. But whereas Descartes reflected rarely and with extreme caution on the world of his day, we have here a whole book about subjects which Valéry did not like, did not, in any very meaningful way, understand.

He begins by indicting history for failing to provide verifiable truths. None of the myths out of the histories should be imitated, says the Foreword, though many are, with disastrous results. In a world characterized by *"increase in clarity and precision, and an increase in power,"* political judgments and actions based upon historical myths are notably inept and haphazard. But since the effects of events can no longer be confined, since technical developments bring about novel repercussions everywhere in the world, "there is no prudence, wisdom, or genius but is soon baffled by this complexity of affairs, for there is no recognizable pattern of duration, continuity or causality in this world of multiplied relationships and contacts." So *any* mind, not only the historico-political, is insufficient.

For its manner rather than its matter this is an interesting presentation of a familiar point of view, and we might let it go at that. Valéry does not. "Notes on the Greatness and Decadence of Europe" and "Of History" simply rephrase the Foreword, adding that Europe will be punished for improvising wildly on mythical themes. "Remarks on Progress" comes to a conclusion which served as one step in the argument of the Foreword: progress is defined as increase in precision and power.

Man's liberty is like Balzac's "Wild Ass's Skin." Many of man's wishes have been granted, but as the consequences of precise methods come crowding in upon him the magic skin, representing the area of his liberty, has all but disappeared. The liberty, that is, of every man except, possibly, one. Valéry was ambivalently moved by the notion of dictatorship. He had, no doubt, some of the philosopher's leaning toward despotism; and dictatorship represented both the logical working-out of techniques that he admired, and, as he saw it at certain times, the last desperate assertion of (one) personality in a depersonalizing universe. That is the direction of two essays on dictatorship here and of a passage in an essay left out of the English translation. Fortunately Valéry had much of the artist's mistrust of coercion, and in some war-inspired pieces, toward the end of this volume, as well as in *"Variété III,"* he spoke quite differently. This is simply another instance of the disaccord in Valéry, an extract from that long dialogue in which the oppositions are usually much more delicate, an example of Valéry's unwillingness and incapacity to make up his mind.

On "America as a Projection of the European Mind" Valéry is more agreeable to hear. But his conclusions—perhaps the best has been communicated, and may the grafting of the aged branch upon the green tree be fruitful—are not exactly unusual either.

And that is a fair summary of the political ideas of Paul Valéry, as expressed in these essays, speeches, notes dating from 1895 to 1939. Certainly these ideas are not numerous or remarkable. Above all they do not stand the variations to which Valéry subjects them in article after repetitious article marred by exclamations about the absence of "scientific" truth in fields where nobody claims that it exists, patent contradictions, clumsy admissions. In "On the Subject of Dictatorship" Valéry compares the state to a machine and the potential dictator to a man exasperated by its mismanagement. "Images," he writes, "have only the power and properties of images; (but how can we think without using them) . . ." How, indeed. Except that Valéry's whole condemnation of the historico-political mind reposes upon the fact that it makes use of just such images as this. The most we can say for the political conclusions of Paul Valéry is that they force us to go back to the beginning and consider again what things shall be accepted as "beyond question." These essays provide good evidence that the physico-mathematical point of view, directed always toward things as they appear to be rather than toward things as they are, does not permit clear or consistent reflection on complex human realities.

On the face of them, Valéry's political ideas are insignificant. But in summing up this last and least book of a great poet it is fair to recall that it is never the face of an idea which is important with Valéry, but, so to speak, its body. Even in this volume the course of Valéry's reflections is interesting. The Foreword, for instance, develops in this way: the Chino-Japanese War and the Spanish-American War together made him realize that two non-European nations had come to aggressive maturity; "a blow which strikes us from an unexpected direction gives us a sudden and novel sensation of the existence of"—ourselves or anything closely connected with ourselves, in this case Europe; he recognized honestly that he had no clear conception of what Europe was; consulting the history books in an effort to find out he discovered, as it seemed to him, only disorder. The long "Fluctuations on Liberty" toward no particular conclusion are interesting. In a sort of conversation full of nervous intellectual vitality Valéry moves toward a distinction between the feeling and the fact of liberty and decides, like Spinoza, that freedom exists only in relation to some constraint. What Valéry provides us with is a series of disorganized, permutating opinions in process of formation. They can no more be paraphrased than a poem can be.

So while Valéry's thought is mostly estranged from itself here, cultivating remote fields because of some preoccupation with Leonardo or because he was willing to accept almost any subject for a lecture or article, the

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process of his thinking never quite loses its nervosity. And the further he returns toward subjects like language and architecture—as in "Images of France" where he speaks about the French language as a unique, artistic convergence of languages, about the village churches of France springing out of the soil in a mysterious intimacy of form with material—the more he speaks as an artist and leaves the study of political appearances behind him, the more authority his words take on.

Valéry looked in Descartes as he looked elsewhere for the burgeoning and flourishing of the modern ego. He believed that the "I" of the "I think therefore I am" is by all odds the most important part. Who, except in some very strained or unnatural position, would care to intuit or assert that "I exist?" But this interpretation of the *cogito* is so untrue to the whole of Descartes and so true to Valéry's Stendhalian egotism, so revealing of all that Valéry did not understand in the modern predicament, that we must look elsewhere than in the simple exaltation of the ego for the closest relationship between the philosopher and the poet. I think that the relationship is to be found in that aspect of the "Discourse on Method" which is commonly described as "biography of an idea." The reason that Valéry and others have returned again and again to the "Discourse on Method" is, quite simply, because they liked the story, the story of a man engaged in a significant search, and the story of the emergence of an idea. And that is what we get from Valéry. We got it from his poetry first of all, then, secondarily, descriptively, conversationally, from his criticism and reflections. The *moi* is naturally to be felt in these geneses of ideas; but we do not need to exaggerate its importance as Valéry did in his discussion of the Cartesian intuition. Whether we regard the ego as a source of delectation or a necessary evil, there is the idea emerging with its delicate procrastinations and its gross delays, with its confusions and contradictions all combining in a peculiarly honest kind of discourse. That, it seems to me, was Valéry's story, as it was part of Descartes'. It should not be entirely forgotten in these days when Valéry's reputation has declined so sharply and in some ways deservedly.

WARREN RAMSEY.

Shannon's Way. A. J. Cronin. Little. $3.00.

DR. CRONIN, the author of the popular novels, *The Citadel,* and *The Keys of the Kingdom,* has written another story which is being prepared for a high place on best-seller lists.

This one tells the unlikely tale of Robert Shannon, a young doctor and bacteriologist who is continually rammed in the rump by misfortune and evil people. He loses, in rapid fashion, a research fellowship, a job in a poor, rural hospital, a life which he had previously saved by an intricate emergency operation, his girl when her parents discover that he is a Catholic, and, finally, a place in the medical hall of fame when a thesis similar to his is published first.

Shannon's way is a rough one. Someone is always betraying him, delaying him, dismaying him. A wicked porter, then a malicious nurse act as informers against him; an avaricious quack uses him to build up his practice (Shannon had met him after completing the second of his dramatic surgical exhibitions), a naughty nurse causes him to plunge into sin, and his old great-grandma

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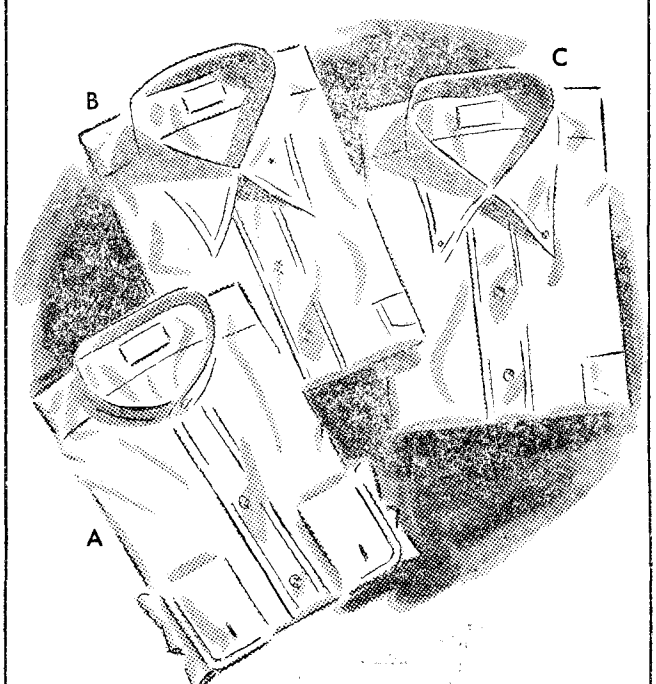

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is about to swing the final blow and force him into general practice (the activity considered equal to sanctity in *some* medical stories) when the sugar lozenge that usually follows the citrate of magnesia comes to sight in the form of the girl who is going to marry her Catholic no matter what happens.

All these things are accompanied by more startled glaces, involuntary gasps, slowly mounting blushes and sullen stares of defiance than you can find in forty-three motion pictures, 1920 style. It will be a cinch for the Gregory Peck-Jennifer Jones combination.

Dr. Cronin, incidentally, no longer practices medicine.

GEORGE MILES.

Saint Margaret of Cortona. Francois Mauriac. Philosophical. $3.00.

THERE ARE, as M. Mauriac rightly says, only individual vocations; and the "elect," the chosen, are, to human eyes, often the most individual of all—to the point almost of incomprehensibility. Belloc's joke: How odd of God to choose the Jews, might be echoed by every reader of Mr. Mauriac's life of the Minorite penitent. How odd of God to choose this extravagant beauty! M. Mauriac writes, as always, with an uncanny intuition about human motivations: from the first moments when, still a sinner, Margaret foresees herself as saint, and "at the very depth of her wretchedness, knows herself to be already elected" to her death "the only ecstasy which will be given to us poor Christians to know." M. Mauriac probes and presses new secrets from this strange saint. He grants she may have yielded to the temptation of disgrace, have been a harsh mother in order to be judged and despised as a bad one: he faces the average reader's probable reaction: "you show us a crazy life—a stigmatized hand has less meaning for us than a hand that's chapped from laundering" and compares Margaret's gushings with the fearful temperance of John of the Cross, who mocked people who think "God told them . . . yet most often they are talking to themselves." Still he sees the message she has, the power her love exerts, in this hate-filled world: redemption is continuous, and her share in it was greater than most, and all of her ample share she shared with all sinners. And beside the utter absurdity of the Incarnation, all other madness seems forever sane.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Lost Illusion. Freda Utley. Fireside Press. $3.00.

FREDA UTLEY, who went to the Soviet Union from England as an ardent admirer of Leninism, and shared for six years the daily life of the average Russian, wrote about her experiences in a book which was published shortly before Pearl Harbor. It did not gain much attention in the turbulence of the days when the Soviet Union was our esteemed ally in the fight against the other totalitarian powers, and when we were led to think of the Russians as fellow-democrats.

Now Mrs. Utley, who has lived among us since then and learned something about how to approach the American public, has condensed her writings and brought them into the focus of present problems.

Freda Utley was a typical Socialist intellectual of our times, already in her parents' home fed with the milk of Marxism. She is learned and bilingual as a result of an excellent, if partial, education in England and Switzer-

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land. She hated everything of the past and loved everything "progressive." Thus she thought the West was wicked and rotten and the Soviet Empire wonderful. Her soapbox speeches in London were so enthusiastic that she was invited to the Soviet paradise, and she went there and married a government employee. This experience brought her down to earth from her utopian illusions. She learned to know the reality of the paradise when struggling for shelter and for food while working under normal Soviet conditions. She became embittered when she heard how the visiting intellectuals from other countries were fascinated by the propaganda facades of the workers' state and did not see the realities of exploitation, terror and "liquidations." But she did not dare to speak up, holding quiet in order to protect her husband and her son.

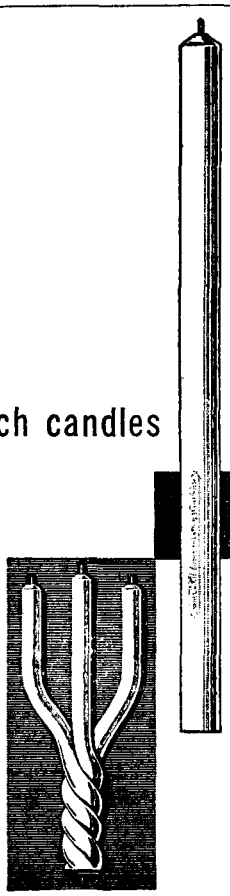
But tragedy came when her husband was taken from her, probably to slave in the labor battalions, without any explanation, without any trial, even without any communication concerning his whereabouts. In desperation she fled from Stalin's realm and is now living with her son safely and happily in Washington, D. C., in the heart of the once abhorred capitalist world.

Life stories of renegades have to be read with caution and are often filled with self-pity and bitterness. Freda Utley's book is relatively free from these defects because the author was never a romantic, and was trained to face economic and social facts and therefore writes her story with more soberness and common sense than the ordinary, disillusioned halfbaked communist. The matter-of-factness of her book may disappoint those who read an autobiography as a substitute for fiction, but it should make impressive and wholesome reading for those fellow-travelers in our country who still hold on to the illusions Freda Utley held before her encounter with Soviet reality.

MAX FISCHER.

Essays On Shakespeare and Other Elizabethans. Tucker Brooke. Yale. $2.75.

"ESSAYS on Shakespeare and Other Elizabethans" is a dull title for a richly varied, interestingly written, and highly rewarding collection of essays by the late Sterling Professor of English at Yale. Composed at various times between 1913 and 1945, four deal rather specifically with some of Shakespeare's plays, eight others are concerned with various phases of their author's life and activity, and the remainder are devoted to such topics as the Latin drama in Renaissance England, Queen Elizabeth, Willobie's "Avisa," Raleigh, Marlowe, and Spenser. The two last-named essays are the only ones not hitherto printed and by themselves make the book worth possessing. "On Reading Spenser" is of course largely—and properly—devoted to the "Faerie Queene" and is an ardently enthusiastic and thoroughly convincing presentation of the reasons why the twentieth century should still read the greatest non-dramatic poem of the English Renaissance. A definite answer to the question, "Why read Spenser?" it also answers more broadly, if indirectly, that constantly recurring question, "Why read?"



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The appreciation of Marlowe gracefully outlines that youthful writer's particular contributions as poet and dramatist—his "mighty line," his use of romantic subject matter, his dramatic skill—and then proceeds to a defense of his character against the traditional but baseless charges of atheism and sensualism. "What an opportunity for the sensual mind," Professor Brooke writes of "Hero and Leander." "In what Marlowe wrote there is not an obscene word or a degenerate suggestion. . . . In Marlowe's couplets there is no fluent and suggestive ease; there is, on the contrary, a sweet hesitancy, not otherwise characteristic of the poet, which almost suggests diffidence, which cools instead of inflaming the mind."

THOMAS A. KIRBY.

God the Father. Emile Guerry. Sheed. $2.50.

EVERY ONCE in a while a book appears which makes one wonder why it was not written before. Such a book is Bishop Emile Guerry's eighty-nine meditations on "God the Father," competently translated from the French by A. H. C. Downes. Certainly the Fatherhood of God is one of the most obvious and attractive of revealed truths. It stands out luminously in the teaching of Christ. But for a variety of reasons devotion to God the Father has been neglected. This book is an attempt to restore the devotion to the place it deserves in the spiritual life.

The first and longer part of the work is on the Blessed Trinity, the relations of the Persons to one another and man's relations to them. The second part is on virtues and prayer and the liturgical life. Although the meditations are deeply and richly theological, even the great mysteries of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the mission of the Holy Spirit are treated simply and clearly. All the meditations are short. There are no preludes, no resolutions, and no spiritual nosegays. But all the points end in aspirations, and the reader is left free to make his own resolutions. And speaking of points—who said that every meditation must have three points, no more and no less? Many of these have only two. The author evidently thinks that some subjects require less development and less space than others.

Writing a devotional book on God the Father is not nearly so simple a matter as it might appear. Pope Pius XII in his great encyclical on "The Mystical Body of Christ," June 29, 1943, says, "Some would have it that our prayers should not be directed to the person of Jesus Christ, but rather to God, or to the eternal Father through Christ, since our Saviour, as Head of the Mystical Body, is only 'mediator of God and men.' But that, too, not only is opposed to the mind of the Church and to Christian usage, but is false." It is greatly to the credit of the author of "God the Father" that, although he published the French original of his book about eight years before the present Pope wrote *"Mystici Corporis,"* it is in perfect harmony with the papal teaching.

BONAVENTURE SCHWINN.

Essays and Sketches. John Henry Cardinal Newman. Longmans. Vols. 1 and 2. $3.50 *each.*

DR. CHARLES Frederick Harrold has chosen articles and tracts from three of Newman's miscellaneous prose works to form Vol. 1 of the Essays and Sketches. These cover the years 1824, when he had just become a fellow of Oriel, to 1839, when he was at the height of his Anglican career. Included are the 1824 appraisal of Cicero; the 1829 essay on poetry, with reference to Aristotle's poetics, the famous study of primitive Christianity; and the magnificent, and really very funny, "Holy Scripture in its relation to the Catholic Creed," in which, again and again, Newman pokes fun at evangelicals, even, sometimes, to the edge of giving scandal by his seeming facetiousness about sacred subjects. Vol. 2, containing the "Theology of Saint Ignatius," the "Catholicity of the Anglican Church," "Private Judgment," the "Tamworth Reading Room," "Milman's view of Christianity," and one essay written after Newman's conversion, the "Rise and Progress of Universities." This new edition, taken textually from the forty-volume edition of 1874-1921, is nicely done, and well-edited. One would wish, however, that Newman could be fed us whole: this cerealized version is very good, but the complete food would be better.

Bees' Ways. George DeClyver Curtis. Houghton. $2.75.

MR. CURTIS reminisces about his experiences of nearly forty years of bee-keeping. In the process he conveys most of the up to the minute facts about that ancient and honorable profession, though this does not prevent his inserting a portion of self-admitted fancy. He sweetens the whole with the rambling observations of a near-octogenarian who has drawn his share of awe and fun, as well as a living, from bee-keeping. If you are interested in queening, swarming, increased production, foul brood, therapeutic effects of stings, making mead, or just plain knowledge of the marvelous ways of bees, you can find out in a "painless sort of way" in this most readable of bee books.

E. H.

John Goffe's Mill. George Woodbury. Norton. $3.00.

A RATHER engaging account of a flight from the city on the part of an anthropologist whose field was played out and the statistician of the Peabody Museum whom he married and persuaded to embark on the adventure. Like most "we done it" books this one records a series of unfailing accomplishments. The obstacles are immense and the method trial and error but there never seems to be the slightest question that the Woodbury's would succeed in restoring the Mill from a ruin and making a go of it—as a sawmill, a grist mill and finally as a small furniture factory. Or that they and the children that were born to them would thrive on this simple and strenuous New Hampshire way of life. Indeed the restoration job which the author carried off in the village of his ancestors sounds nothing short of monumental.

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